

CAREERS OF JAMES AND COLE YOUNGER IN MINNESOTA

Story of the Northfield Raid and of the Man Hunt Which Followed—How the Youngers Were Captured—Their Long and Honorable Term of Service in Stillwater Penitentiary—Mode of Living Since They Were Paroled—James's Despondency and Suicide.



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

James Younger's deeds have furnished material for stirring novels, but none of the narratives woven around his career approach in strangeness the true story of his end.

The man who had emerged victorious from so many encounters has given his life for love.

There will be a dozen versions of the death of James Younger.

His own brother, Cole, with whom the suicide shared the perils of countless fights and fights, declares that James Younger died insane.

Miss Alix J. Mueller, the dead man's fiancée, asserts that persecution drove him to self-destruction.

But the paroled outlaw's farewell message offers testimony to prove the asseverations of friends that he gave his life for the woman to whom he could not give his name.

The barrier that held James Younger from marriage was in itself remarkable.

He had been denied permission to take a wife because, under the law, he was legally dead.

James Younger had felt that the companionship of the woman he loved would make complete the reformation that twenty-five years of penitentiary life had prompted.

One year after their release from the Stillwater prison, in July, 1901, efforts were made to procure a full pardon for the Younger brothers.

The proposal to restore citizenship to the outlaws was taken up and seriously discussed.

The State Board of Pardons dismissed the subject three months ago with the assertion that a sufficient period of parole had not yet elapsed to render it advisable to take further steps.

Then James Younger communicated to Governor Van Sant the fact that he wished to marry. Attorney General Douglas was consulted.

"Life prisoners on parole cannot marry or enter into any civil contract," declared the Attorney General. "A life prisoner on parole is still in the hands of the law, and his sentence, and under the law is civilly dead."

His capacity to enter into a contract can be restored only by a full pardon. The life prisoner's full term is not ended until he is dead or pardoned."

PLANNED WEDDING TO IDAHO.

James Younger resumed the role of a man legally dead, but throbbing with every impulse that goes to lift the life of a man in love.

His fiancée, seeking to escape the no-man's-land between them, she went to far Idaho, where she awaited in patience the day that Younger could claim her as his wife.

The paroled man found his burden light. He suffered less from his old wounds. Employment of the kind he sought was difficult to obtain.

Friends were more curious than sympathetic. The police, for which he would have battled all other friendships, were denied him.

Discontent came. Younger had bided the first year of his parole with a patience made possible by hope.

But the following months, thickened by the delay of a pardon, were filled with an ever-intensifying gloom. The man who had

laughed at death in his early life gave way to melancholy.

He brooded until he finally decided to attempt the desperate method of suicide by self-destruction.

But when he spoke with him on the night before he committed suicide, recall that he was mad and rational.

His parting message indicated that in the last moments of preparation for the end he had traversed the whole range of his life.

Conscious that the world would be more or less interested in his views, he struggled for expression on dominant topics.

James Younger was not an adept in literary construction. His farewell note was awkward and disjointed.

HIS FAREWELL MESSAGES.

Many are inclined to believe them incoherent, reflecting the disconnected thoughts of a mind unbalanced. But they told everything the suicide had to say, and above all, they told nothing he did not want to say.

He left a singular series of farewell messages, two of which were written on the outer sides of a large brown envelope, in bold handwriting was inscribed:

"I have done nothing wrong. But my friends, burn me up. I have done nothing wrong. But my friends, burn me up. I have done nothing wrong. But my friends, burn me up."

Inside the pocket was the following: "I have done nothing wrong. But my friends, burn me up. I have done nothing wrong. But my friends, burn me up. I have done nothing wrong. But my friends, burn me up."

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with which the banks of the section could be looted of large sums.

Northfield was selected as the first point of attack. The gang's usual method was followed. Eight men were in the raiding party—Cole, James and Bob Younger, James and Frank James, Will Miller, Charles Pitts and Bill Chadwell.

Northfield was then a town of about 2,000 inhabitants. Three of the gang died at a restaurant on the edge of the village.

They ate leisurely and after discussing politics for the edification of the law-abiding residents, they turned to the looting of the bank.

Hitching their horses near the bank, they stood on the corner awhile in apparently commonplace conversation.

ARRIVAL OF THE GANG.

Suddenly five horsemen appeared riding furiously along the street, two approaching from the east and three from the west, all firing revolvers and shouting "Get off the street."

Instantly, the three who had hitched their horses, ran into the bank, where Cashier J. L. Heywood and two clerks were at work.

The clerks ran out of the rear door and left Heywood alone to face the robbers. The bandits ordered the cashier to open the safe, but he refused. A clerk was then ordered to open the safe, but he refused.

As the last of the trio was withdrawing to join the bandits outside, Heywood made a motion as if to take a revolver from his desk. The bandit fired and the cashier fell.

Meanwhile, stirring events had occurred outside the bank building. The townsmen had hurriedly armed themselves and hastened to the scene.

From all sides a deadly fire was directed against the bandits.

Bill Chadwell was killed in the first moment of the battle. A minute later, though, Miller fell dead with a bullet in his brain.

James Younger was wounded. The desperadoes had already begun their flight when Cole Younger heard his brother yell in pain.

The elder brother galloped back in the face of fire, helped his wounded kinsman up on his own saddle and fled. Though away on the same horse, besides Cashier and another citizen, Northfield had been killed. A remarkable man-hunt followed. The entire section joined in the chase.

Four days later, the gang was surrounded in a wooded section near Shilohville, Minn. It is said that the Younger brothers proposed a plan of escape which was vetoed by the Younger brothers because of James Younger's inability to walk.

JAMES HOYS ESCAPED.

That night Jesse and Frank James broke through the surrounding police and escaped. In the morning the Younger brothers gave battle to their pursuers.

Chadwell, James and James were again wounded. Fleeing and James was again wounded. Fleeing and James was again wounded.

The two armed participants were described in the same words at all times.

As soon as the Younger brothers had recovered from their wounds all three of the prisoners manifested a disposition to win freedom at any cost.

In the course of years, even before the death of Bob Younger from consumption, the imprisoned men came to be trusted by the Warden and his assistants.

As time passed this trust deepened. Once there was a fire in the Stillwater Penitentiary, and the Younger brothers were armed with revolvers and assigned to guard duty.

They had made only one claim—that they never betrayed a friend or violated a promise. The Penitentiary officials, from Warden Wolfert down, are convinced that this is true.

REVERBY BY COLE.

The imprisoned desperadoes devoted much of their leisure to reading. Cole Younger performed excellent service in the hospital department. Finally becoming ill, the progress he made in the direction of refinement is reflected in the verses which he wrote some years ago:

And I have made to the gentle breeze, My own suggestive air.

Metaphors the flowers bloom more fair, The birds have songs more sweet.

Where I have been the breeze has been, Once leading at our feet.

The secret of the wonderful tone of the Cremonas was said to be in the peculiar metallic character of the varnish used on the instruments.

The best of modern violins cannot compare with the Cremonas, and with them alone could the great players produce the marvelous effects.

Never since the art was lost has the true Cremona tone been found in any other violin.

They have long been scarce, commanding extraordinary prices. It is said that an authenticated Cremona commands from \$5,000 to \$10,000, and higher prices are recorded.

The inventor says his varnish put on a cheap, ordinary fiddle transforms it, producing rich, sonorous tones. He finds it equally wonderful in improving other stringed instruments—mandolins, guitars, cellos and the like.

He has applied it to a piano sounding-board and expects to greatly increase its power and sweetness. It requires ten days for the varnish to dry.

SICK MADE WELL, WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed—The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James William Kidd, 344 Bates building, Port Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life.

That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced

After the release of the Younger brothers on parole both were employed for a time as representatives of a longshore company.

Afterward James Younger found service as a clerk in a Minneapolis cigar store.

James Younger, who had done a day's work daily, seven days a week.

He decided to seek other employment and went to St. Paul for the purpose. Arrangements to obtain a new position for him were nearly made when he committed suicide.

An interesting story, descriptive of the marvelous memory of James Younger, is told by George E. Kent with whom the Younger brothers became exceedingly friendly.

One night some weeks ago James Younger was introduced to a young actress, who was then in Minneapolis. The paroled man studied her countenance for a few moments and then asked whether she had not lived in Texas.

Her response that she had been there evoked from Younger the state of mind which he had been in at the time of the Northfield raid.

Then he told the story. Toward the close of the Civil War he and some comrades were in Texas on a mission which the narrator did not explain.

They spent the night in a little settlement which decided to give an old-fashioned country dance in honor of the victory.

James Younger escorted through the Virginia reel the mother of the actress, then the actress herself.

Cole Younger is little inclined to discuss the suicide of his brother. He maintains a strict dignity that renders extremely pathetic at times his wistfulness with which he talks of the prospect of a full pardon that will permit him to revisit the scene of his boyhood, where, he is said, the sweet heart of his youth, Constance Lee still lives.

SECRET OF VIOLIN'S TONE.

Inventor Believes He Has Rediscovered Master's Art.

REPUBLICAN SPECIAL.

New York, Oct. 25.—Coming to America from Denmark five years ago, a young inventor says he has rediscovered the lost

MERCURY and POTASH NEVER did and NEVER will cure ONE SINGLE CASE OF BLOOD POISON

When a man knows that he has contracted contagious blood disease, his first thought is of Hot Springs, Arkansas, for he has been told that's the place to get cured. If he can raise the price he travels from the East, North, South or West to the Springs, takes 21 or 42 hot baths, rubs mercury, takes potash, and at the end of the period leaves for home, feeling very much relieved—for the visible symptoms have disappeared. Many a man, knowing himself to be tainted by the disease, goes there for treatment when he is engaged to be married, and, not noticing any visible signs of the disease after his return, gets married. A fatal mistake! For what is the result? The poison being still in the blood, the marriage is barren.

It is remarkable how long the disease may be dormant in the system. We have treated one case of Locomotor Ataxia where the patient contracted the disease at the age of 18, who says that after being cured he noticed no symptoms for fifty years, only to be struck down with Locomotor Ataxia at the age of 68. That shows how important it is to get the poison eradicated from the system. Mercury and potash can't do that, never have and never will—nothing on earth except the

Sieber Serum Toxin Treatment,

administered by this company, can eradicate the disease. You may say, how do you know that your treatment eradicates the disease, if at times it takes fifty years to develop? We answer: In the first place this treatment has been given by Dr. Sieber for the last twenty-five years, during which time he never has had one single case of relapse; second, after a person has taken this treatment he feels that he is well, that the disease is removed. The mental agony which he suffered is all gone, he feels like a new man; third, having cured a great many cases of Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Loss of Eyesight, etc.—all caused by Blood Poison—it follows that the cause—Blood Poison—was removed or the results of this cause would not have been cured, for most of these cases were pronounced incurable by the attending physicians. That is just what we are doing. We remove the cause—Blood Poison. By doing so we arrest the resulting disease and then nature steps in and perfects the cure.

We cannot urge those having only the primary or secondary symptoms too strongly not to wait until the tertiary symptoms appear, but to begin treatment at once. We can cure you; never failed to cure one single case of blood poison. No other agency on earth can help you; therefore, no matter in what form you have the disease, come to this office for treatment and come at once. We will make you well and, if you come soon enough, save you from the terrible results in tertiary form, maybe from a madhouse. (Thousands of men and women have been sent to insane asylums, the result of this terrible Blood Poison.)

We are pleased to announce that not long since a leading doctor of Hot Springs sent us a patient whom he could not cure. The patient is doing nicely under our care, and it looks now as if he would soon be well. In this connection we would say that if any physician who may read this article has a case of contagious blood poisoning which he cannot cure we shall be pleased to treat the patient. We would ask such a physician to send the patient with his card, and if we do not effect a cure there will be no charge.

We have offices in New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington and St. Louis, etc. Readers of this advertisement should apply to the nearest office.

The offices of the Company for St. Louis are located at 501-503 Commercial Building, 6th and Olive Sts. Office hours—Daily, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Evenings, 6:30 to 8.

The International Serum Toxin Co.

J. H. Cooper, Pres.

FOR THAT BACKACHE

Nine out of every ten persons suffer from backache have weak kidneys. They need

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

It will strengthen the kidneys, open up the clogged bowels and cure

Headache, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Nervousness, Dyspepsia and Malaria, Fever and Ague.

One bottle will convince you of its value. Try It To-Day. For sale by all Chemists and Druggists.